

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. ORLANDO,

The following was written without the most distant idea of its being seen by any, but by the person to whom it was directed.—She is now *no more*, and if you think it sufficiently deserving, you may publish it.

SALEM, Ms. April 21, 1805.

My dearest Philenia,

THE evening is black and rainy and 'loud howls the cold wind.' Though sheltered from the storm and enjoying the comfortable fire side, I cannot easily dispel that cloud of reflections, which hangs darkly over the mind. My present feelings demand that I should devote a few moments to one, whose friendship has afforded me more satisfaction than could arise from the united caresses of the whole world besides.

Your usual goodness will pardon me for asking you to indulge with me a reflection on the probable condition of many of our fellow mortals. While we profess to be susceptible to the operations of sympathy and tenderness, it cannot be improper to suffer such a subject to arrest our attention.

Some traveller, benighted and lost, may now be groping to find a friendly mansion, but in vain; and worn with fatigue and sunk with despair, is half willing to resign himself to the fury of the merciless elements. Some tender, loving wife, with anxious solicitude, may now be waiting the return of her kind husband, fondly hoping that the next moment will bring him safe to her arms; and yet, deluded woman, 'she dreams of transports she is not to know.' Perhaps ten thousand mariners are this moment buffeted by the tempest and lashed by the wave. Borne by the mad surge, they now ascend to Alpine heights—now plunge to fightless depths; and casting a fond glance of thought to their country and their friends, they trembling gasp for life, while hope flies.

Is not our condition preferable to theirs?—and yet, can we say we are happy? Of 'the thousand ills that checker life,' we have a share. Cheerless days and anxious nights are allotted us, and we are sometimes almost disgusted even with the morn of life. O what is happiness! A mere phantom, a visionary shade of expected joy, sent into this world to sport with the ardor of millions of its frenzied pursuers.

On the other hand do we not exaggerate—do we not magnify our ills?—Might we not be less miserable if we would? Let us not view the dark parts of the picture, without reflecting upon the superior harmony which arises from a proper distribution of light and shade. Let us remember that multitudes have trials severer than ours—that virtue has a sure claim to a reward, and that, though she frequently

looks beyond the grave, she will lose nothing by waiting.

You, my friend, have frequently expressed to me the unhappiness of your present situation; but might I be allowed an opinion, I should say you have not cause for all the repining you indulge. Though your circumstances are in some respects peculiar, yet in many, they are eligible. You have many friends, and those too who have not stoic souls. When your bosom swells with grief, they feel all the emotions which sympathy and a fond regard for your happiness can excite. Let your woe-worn brow rise with gaiety—let your tear-dimmed eye again sparkle with vivacity and loveliness, and your laboring bosom beat high with joyous hope. Centre all your desires in God, and the still small voice of a quiet conscience will tell you the true path to bliss.

That you may soon outride the storm of your present troubles, and, in the arms of a worthy companion, whose tenderest assiduity will be devoted to your happiness, look back with smiling sanctification on the anxieties you have passed, is the ardent, unabating wish of your sincerest

PHILO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

IN the endless variety of creation, every attentive observer beholds a display of infinite wisdom. This is no less conspicuous in the formation of the smallest insect, than in that of the highest created being. All animals, rational and irrational, are capable of enjoying happiness, in proportion to the mental powers, with which they are endowed. The construction of the organic system in the insect tribes is found to be exceedingly nice and susceptible, and their feelings, in consequence, very sensible and delicate. They, however, enjoy happiness in their several degrees, and, wantonly, to deprive them of it is the height of folly and wickedness. Crushed by the cruel foot of man, the smallest insect feels as sharp a pang as attends the dissolution of a rational being. We are informed, by naturalists, that the leaves of many succulent plants are covered with groves of herbage, intersected with canals of brilliant liquid, bearing a near resemblance to well watered pastures. Here, with optic instruments, may be seen myriads of beautiful insects, feeding on the fine verdure of the plant, and slaking their thirst in the chrysal streams, that filter along its surface. They are likewise observed, when the sunbeams become too powerful for their constitution, retreating to the shrubs, which grow on the plant, and there reclining in the shade. Thus situated, a few drops of water would produce a dreadful tempest; destroy their habitation, and overturn their whole system at a single dash. It would be to them, no less terrible than the most furious storm to the affrighted mariner. On the contrary, a gentle dew-drop would afford a prospect, as pleasing and sublime, as the vast

ocean presents to the eye of the most curious observer. Should a part of the same drop roll along the leaf, their feelings would, perhaps, equal the delightful surprise, which we experience, by viewing the fall of Niagara. How much happiness do the feathered tribes enjoy! See them living together, in the purest harmony, and, by the melody of their notes, increasing the pleasure even of rational beings. How cruel the hand that would destroy their lives, or, in any degree, diminish their happiness! Invested with supremacy over inferior creatures, man supposes himself the only animal on earth, capable of enjoying felicity. Concluding that all were made for him, he basely assumes the right of destroying them at pleasure. Altho' he boasts the image of Deity, whose loveliest attribute is mercy, how often do we see him, divested of every tender feeling, acting the tyrant, and sporting away innocent lives without remorse. To promote the general happiness is the main spring of action in the breast of Deity, and all his operations tend to effect this noble purpose. When we destroy the smallest individual of the animal creation, we thereby diminish the sum of happiness in the universe. It is, therefore, a wanton exertion of power, it is committing hostilities on the dominions of God, and it is degrading to the dignity of human nature.

Defensor Animalium.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

CHARACTER OF DOCTOR SMOLLETT.

THE person of Dr. Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity, that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and, on some occasions, to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify.—Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct, when attended with misfortune. He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality, which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those, whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind; that hospitality, which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain, but plentiful table, the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason, than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection. As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature, than pertness, or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception; to this, however, he imagined he had sometimes been exposed, on appli-

education in favour of others; for himself, he never made an application to any great man in his life.

Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.— Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness, would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession, other parts of his character were ill suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice. He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man, of this character, was not, what is called, successful in life?

An Extract from one of COWPER'S Letters,

To the Rev. Mr. HURDIS.

My Dear Sir,

I AM glad to find that your amusements have been so similar to mine; for in this instance too I seemed to have need of somebody to keep me in countenance, especially in my attention and attachment to animals.— All the notice that we lords of the creation vouchsafe to bestow on the creatures, is generally to abuse them; it is well, therefore, that here and there a man should be found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish in this matter, who will make some amends, by kissing and coaxing, and laying them in one's bosom. You remember the little ewe lamb, mentioned by the prophet Nathan; the prophet perhaps invented the tale for the sake of its application to David's conscience: but it is more probable, that God inspired him with it for that purpose. If he did, it amounts to a proof, that he does not overlook, but on the contrary, much notices such little partialities and kindnesses to his *dumb* creatures, as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them.

Your sisters are fitter to judge than I, whether assembly-rooms are the places, of all others, in which the ladies may be studied to most advantage. I am an old fellow, but I had once my dancing days, as you have now, yet could never find that I learned half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire side, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants not a fiddle to sweeten her. If I am wrong, the young ladies will set me right; in the mean time I will not tease you with graver arguments on the subject, especially as I have a

hope, that years, and the study of the Scripture, and his Spirit, whose word it is, will, in due time, bring you to my way of thinking. I am not one of those sages who require that young men should be as old as themselves, before they have had time to be so.

With my love to your fair sisters, I remain,
dear sir, Your's truly, W. C.

Fenelon's comparison of Demosthenes and Cicero.

"I DO not hesitate to declare, that I think Demosthenes superior to Cicero. I am persuaded no one can admire Cicero more than I do. He adorns whatever he attempts. He does honor to language. He disposes of words in a manner peculiar to himself. His style has great variety of character. Whenever he pleases, he is even concise and vehement; for instance, against Catiline, against Verres, against Anthony. But ornament is too visible in his writings. His art is wonderful, but it is perceived. When the orator is providing for the safety of the republic, he forgets not himself, nor permits others to forget him. Demosthenes seems to escape from himself, and to see nothing but his country. He seeks not elegance of expression; unsought for he possesses it. He is superior to admiration. He makes use of language, as a modest man does of dress, only to cover him. He thunders, he lightens. He is a torrent which carries every thing before it. We cannot criticise, because we are not ourselves. His subject enchains our attention, and makes us forget his language. We loose him from our sight: Philip alone occupies our minds. I am delighted with both these orators; but I confess that I am less affected by the infinite art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes."

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

REMARKS ON CLASSICAL LEARNING.

AMONG those established opinions, which the wantonness of literary infidelity has lately assailed, is the general belief of the utility of Classical Learning. The high esteem, in which our ancestors held these studies, is well known. A knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages was, with them, an indispensable part of education, and exclusively dignified with the name of learning. The ancients were supposed to have reached the summit of excellence, and to have left nothing to future genius but to admire and imitate them. On the other hand, some late authors hold them deserving of contempt and ridicule.— They represent the classics as useless, and the acquisition of the learned languages as a heavy and intolerable burthen, imposed upon the youth of the present age by the tyranny of custom. Thus prone are mankind to extremes, while truth is commonly found in the middle path.

While we hear, with contempt, the assertions, of those classical enthusiasts, who endeavour to persuade us, that the Greeks and Romans have preoccupied every eminence in science, and that the celestial fire, which burnt so brightly in a Tully, warms not with equal

ardor the bosom of modern genius; we listen, with similar incredulity, to those, who, with so much modesty, inform us, that mankind have, hitherto, been in an error, which it was reserved for them to dispel. They trace all the applause, which the ancients have received, to the prejudices of education, and the affectation of learning; and would fain have us believe, that the great men of modern days, who recommend, with so much earnestness, the study of the classics, are led to this, by the chagrin of acknowledging, that they have spent much time and labor in useless studies; and are desirous to conceal their own deviation from truth, by inducing posterity to follow them in the paths of error.

It is not easy to hear with temper such slanderous insinuations; but our honest indignation is repressed by the reflection, that they are the last subterfuge of expiring folly; and though, from the ignorant, they may conceal the deficiency of better arguments, they cannot bring serious conviction; nor injure the cause of Classical Learning with the sensible and ingenuous.

We shall take a view of the rise and progress of Classical Learning; of the objections made against it; and of the advantages which may reasonably be expected to result from the cultivation of the learned languages. Such a view, if we mistake not, will abundantly justify us, in defending the affirmative of the question.

When the empire of Rome was destroyed by the northern nations, the works of her illustrious sons were soon neglected, and lay buried in the dust of monastic libraries. All useful literature was forgotten; and those dreadful times of barbarism, have, by general consent, obtained the just and emphatic name of "The dark ages." With the 15th century began the dawn of intellect. The best Roman authors were then read and admired. We may, however, date the revival of classical learning from the destruction of Constantinople; when the most learned Greeks took refuge in Italy, and introduced their inimitable language to general notice. The progress of letters was rapidly accelerated by the invention of printing; and the sun of science, rising in majestic splendour, warmed and enlightened Europe.

The study of the Greek and Latin languages continued to monopolize the attention of learned men, till the beginning of the 16th century, when it became one very efficient cause of the Reformation. This may seem a hazardous assertion; but it is nevertheless true. It was not until the scriptures and early apologists for christianity were studied in their original tongues, that the impositions and forgeries of the church of Rome could be detected. The Reformers applied to the sacred writings, that skill in language and criticism, which they had acquired in the study of profane authors. TULLY and ARISTOTLE refuted the errors of Romish usurpation; and as teachers of philosophy and logic, became precursors of true Christianity.

From that period the classics have been studied with diligence; they have been our models in poetry, in history and in elo-

quence; the learned of all countries have concurred in recommending them, as the preceptors of our childhood, and the companions of our maturer years. They have been admired and imitated by such writers as Milton, Fenelon, and Pope; and rapturously praised by such critics as Addison, Harris, and Johnson.

CEREMONY of taking the VEIL.

IN France there are two sorts of Convents, viz. *Les Convents Ouverts*, i. e. *Open Convents*, and *Les Convents Grilles*, i. e. *Barred Convents*: In the former, they are permitted to go out in company of a sister Nun, with the permission of the Lady Abbess, even after taking the black veil; and in the latter, after that ceremony, they are shut up forever, and are only admitted to converse with their friends and nearest relations, through a grate, attended by a sister nun.

The CEREMONY of taking the WHITE VEIL

Begins by a nun carrying a large wooden cross, followed by six children strewing flowers, after which the intended nun, superbly dressed, attended by two of the order, and followed by all her relations, closes the procession. The priest questions her concerning the state in which she is going to enter, if it be her own free will, or if any force is used to make her accept of it; when she answers, *C'est ma volonté*, it is my will. The priest then makes an oration to this purpose, in which he gives praise to Heaven for having turned her heart from worldly vanity to angelic bliss: He desires her to go and divest herself of her worldly and gaudy apparel; when she retires, attended by the Lady Abbess, &c. She returns habited like a nun, having her head shaved. She then prostrates herself on the ground with her face to the earth, whilst the choir sings hymns, and the children strew flowers over her. When she rises, the priest again expresses his happiness at her having espoused Jesus Christ, instead of a worldly husband; but at the same time exhorts her to consider well the step she is going to take.—He tells her she has twelve months given her for reflection; at the end of which she must either confirm or renounce her vow. The attendant nuns then put on a white veil. She retires, after a mass is said; when an elegant dinner is provided in the convent.

The CEREMONY of a Nun's taking the BLACK VEIL.

After a mass is said, the procession begins by a nun carrying a large wooden cross, six children strewing flowers, three more following with silver plates: In the one is a crown of flowers; in the other, a gold ring; and in a third, a silver crucifix. These children are followed by the novice, or White Nun, attended by two sisters of the same order, and followed by all the family and friends of the novice, which closes the procession. The priest addressing himself to the novice, questions her in the following manner: "My dear and well beloved sister, after a year's reflection, have you well meditated of the happiness and tranquillity of a monastic life, and the

instability of a transient worldly one? It is not, I hope, by the instigation of relations, the infidelity of a lover, the loss of fortune, or any other disappointment in life, that makes you quit the world, but solely for religion's sake." She answers, Yes; and approaches the altar and kneels. After a short prayer the priest puts on the ring, and says, "by this you take *La Saint Eglise*, i. e. *The Holy Church*, to be your helpmate, instead of a worldly husband." The nuns, her attendants, then put her on a black veil, and gird her with a cord, and crown her with flowers.

(The ensuing, copied literatim from the 'Massachusetts Historical Collections,' shews, that the intellects of the early settlers of New-England, were, like the country they inhabited, rude and uncultivated.)

WHEREAS, the inhabitants of Piscataqua Gorgiana and Wells in the Province of Mayn, have here begun to ppogate and populise these parts of the country did formerly by power derivative from Sir Ferdinando Gorges Knight, exercise—the regulating the affairs of the country as ny as we could according to the laws of England, and such other ordinances as was thought meet and requisit for the better regulating thereof. Now forasmuch as Sir Ferdinando Gorges is dead, the country by their generall letter sent to his heirs in June 1647 and 48. But by the sad distractions in England noe returne is yet come to hand. And command from the Parliament, not to meddle in soemuch as was granted to Mr. Rigley. Most of the commissioners being dep'ted the Province. The inhabitants are for present in some distraction about the regulating the affairs of these sites: For the better ordering whereof till further order power and authority shall come out of England; the inhabitants with one free and univiersanims consent due bynd themselves in a boddy polittick a combination to see these parts of the country and Province regulated according to such laws as formerly have been exercised and such others as shall be thought meet, not repugnant to the fundamental laws of our native country.

And to make choyse of such Governor or Governes and Majistrates as by m. voyces they shall think meet. Dated in Gorgiana Julie 1649.

FARRAGO.

A humorous author compares love to the small-pox. The longer it is in making its appearance, the more violent is the disorder.

[Port Folio.]

Certain coquettes, gaily dressed, well powdered, and well rouged, being lately at a ball, asked a foreigner present, how he liked French beauties. "Ladies, (answered he, with great naivete,) I am no judge of painting." [Ib.]

A wag somewhere observes, that a very old man, adventuring in wedlock, may be compared to a newly born kid; he either dies, or bears horns, in the course of a year. [Ib.]

When Ganganelli ascended the papal chair, he bowed to the foreign Ambassadors as they were introduced. His master of ceremonies told him it was against all etiquette. No matter, replies Clement, it is not against good manners.

The Hon. Judah Dana, Esq. of Fryburg, is appointed Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

The Hon. James Prescott, Esq. of Groton, is appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, for the County of Middlesex.

The Memoirs of the Agricultural Society of Massachusetts, have just made their appearance. Among a variety of other things, they contain several essays on the cultivation of trees, and particularly peach-trees, from which the Americans distil the greater part of their ardent spirits; and on the means of obtaining plantations of peculiar trees, when the forests are cleared. This Society has presented a gold Medal to Colonel Humphreys, for having imported from Spain a flock of sheep of the Merino breed, the first which have been seen in the United States.

A wit, describing the universal Empire of Love, drolly describes its onsets among the *finny* race.

Love assails

And warms, 'mid seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cods crimped Cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts.
[P. Folio.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. S. shall occupy a place in the next Tablet.

Y.'s production is too puerile to be admitted.

MARRIED.

At New-York, George Hammeken, Esq. Danish Consul for the Eastern States, to Miss Eliza Ogden, daughter of the late Lewis Ogden, Esq.

At Augusta, Rev. Eliphalet Gillet, of Hallowell, to Miss Mary Gurley, of Connecticut.

At Boston, Capt. P. B. Rogers, to Miss Elizabeth Swift, daughter of Col. Swift of Milton.

"While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb."

DIED.

At Lexington, Ken. Col. Robert Saunders. At Gerry, greatly lamented, Mrs. Sally Bascom, consort of Rev. Ezekiel Bascom.

At Portsmouth, Mrs. Mary Buckminster, aged 39, consort of the Rev. Dr. Buckminster.

At Westminster, Vt. Dr. William Towne, aged 29, an eminent physician.

"It is not good that man should be alone."

Died, at Norwich, April 12th, Mrs. Mary Johnson, consort of Mr. Samuel S. Johnson. —Married, at Norwich, May 12th, Mr. Samuel S. Johnson, to Miss Lydia Beaman.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE HERMIT.

THE Bard of the cave strikes his lyre,
 Regard but a moment his song ;
 The whispers of wisdom inspire,
 The accents which fall from his tongue.

Man walks in eternal disguise,
 His heart to deceit is so prone,
 From mischief to mischief he flies,
 So swift to destroy he has grown.

His days are a season of strife,
 And cruel disaster and care ;
 The pleasures most dear to his life,
 Prove often a merciless snare !

He learns from his childhood the trade,
 To angle with falsehood for bait,
 E'n holy religion is made,
 A cloak for oppression and hate ! !

The world ! it is all a mere cheat,
 A phantom to dazzle the eyes,
 A fond, an illusive conceit,
 Productive of tears and of sighs.

Away, then, away, with those toys,
 The giddy and thoughtless pursue,
 Sweet solitude only has joys,
 Exalted, substantial, and true.

MONOS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SCIENTIFIC ALLUREMENTS.

AS late I wander'd thro' the sylvan grove,
 Where contemplation sweet delights to rove,
 I sought a mossy sod beneath the shade,
 Whose verdant leaves in gentle zephyrs play'd.
 The Sun, fast sinking in the western sky,
 Bespoke the humid evening to be nigh,
 While I, reclin'd against a neighboring Beech,
 Whose towering limbs spread far before my reach,

Involv'd in thought, could scarce the moments tell,

Which to th' oblivious bourne our race impel.
 Remaining thus, the Solar rays expir'd,
 And Luna's beams, by Poets much admir'd,
 Just ting'd the distant spire with pallid hue,
 And added beauty to the general view ;
 When full before my face a Nymph appear'd,
 By all respected, and by all rever'd ;
 Her name was Science, nurs'd in Attic bowers,
 'Mid curling woodbines and saturnian flowers.
 ' Fair Youth, she said, I'll teach you to be wise,
 ' And virtue, though in rags, to nobly prize,
 ' To reap fruition from each age and clime,
 ' Each noble action, or insidious crime.
 ' But follow me, and captivate the sense
 ' With all the potent charms of eloquence ;
 ' Expand your soul to ether's farthest bounds,
 ' Where worlds unnumber'd roll their ceaseless rounds ;

' Or let your mind upon itself reflect,
 ' And its immortal origin respect.'

She ceas'd, enraptur'd with th' enchanting sound,

Which gently floated through the air around,
 I sprang with force to catch the heavenly shade,
 In robes of smiling innocence arrayed ;
 When for my eager grasp much too refin'd,
 She left me, to the fiend despair, resign'd.
 But quick return'd the bright celestial maid,
 And to my throbbing breast these words convey'd :

' I am not gain'd by an impetuous start,
 ' But by the calm sensations of the heart.
 ' Pursue me with a cool deliberate mind,
 ' And be assur'd, the golden prize you'll find.'
 I heard with raptures, then with ardour swore
 That, 'till my mortal frame should be no more,
 'Till life's last vital spark should cease to burn,
 Or to primeval nothing I return,
 I would with joy pursue the heavenly maid,
 'Till one divine embrace should all my powers pervade.

TYRO.

SELECTED POETRY.

The Kite : or pride must have a fall.

BY JOHN NEWTON.

*My waking dreams are best conceal'd,
 Much folly, little good they yield ;
 But now and then I gain when sleeping,
 A friendly hint that's worth the keeping :
 Lately I dreamt of one, who cry'd,
 " Beware of self, beware of pride ;
 When you are prone to build a Babel,
 Recall to mind this little fable."*
 Once on a time a paper kite
 Was mounted to a wondrous height,
 Where, giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self-admiration :
 " See how yon crowds of gazing people
 Admire my flight above the steeple ;
 How would they wonder, if they knew
 All that a kite like me can do ;
 Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
 And pierce the clouds beyond their sight,
 But, ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,
 My string confines me near the ground :
 I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 Might I but fly without a string."
 It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
 To break the string—at last it broke.
 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
 In vain it try'd to soar away :
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It fritter'd downward through the air ;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The wind soon plung'd it in the tide.
 Oh ! foolish kite, thou had'st no wing,
 How couldst thou fly without a string !
 My heart reply'd, " O Lord, I see
 How much this kite resembles me !
 Forgetful, that by thee I stand,
 Impatient of thy ruling hand ;
 How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
 Thy wisdom for my lot assigns !
 How oft indulg'd a vain desire
 For something more, or something higher !
 And, but for grace and love divine,
 A fall thus dreadful had been mine !"

(The following elegant lines, composed by Dr. Aldrich, are copied from a London Musical Magazine, and here given for the amusement of the Latinist. We wish not to injure them by attempting a translation.)

Miles et navigator,
 Sartor et zrotor,
 Jamdudum litigabant,
 De pulchra quam amabant,
 Nomen cui est Joanna.

Jam tempus consummatum,
 Ex quo determinatum,
 Se non vexatum iri,
 Præ desiderio viri,
 Nec pernoctare solam.

Miles dejerabat,
 Hanc præda plus amabat,
 Ostendens cicatrices,
 Quas æstimat felices,
 Dum vindicavit eam.

Sartor ait, ne sis dura,
 Mihi longa est mensura,
 Instat æris fabricator
 Ut olla farciatur,
 Rimaque obstipetur.

Dum hi tres altercantur,
 Nauta vigilanter
 Et calide moratur
 Dum prælium ordiatur,
 Ut agat suam rem.

Perinde ac speratur
 Deinceps compugnatur,
 Et sæviente bello,
 Transfixit eam telo
 Quod vulneravit cor.

From the PORT FOLIO.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

A WOMAN, sauntering near a river's brink,
 From thought, or thoughtlessness, or drink,
 No matter which, fell in it ;
 And, as the story goes,
 She ended quickly all her earthly woes,
 Was drown'd, to speak more plainly in a minute.

Soon as her spouse the tidings knew,
 Swift, as an arrow, to the spot he flew,
 The corpse to find, and the last duties pay.
 Friend, cried he, with tearful eyes,
 If ye know where my poor Peggy lies,
 Tell me, I pray.

Seek down the stream, said one—Ah, no,
 Quoth he, I'd better upwards go ;
 The wife, on whom I doated,
 Was so obstinate a jade,
 That, by the mass, I'm much afraid,
 She 'gainst the stream has floated.

MERCUTIO.

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